

THE CANYON STATION—El Tovar Hotel in the Background

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF



THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL · SERIAL No. 92

MENTOR COLOR PLATES

ON THE HERMIT TRAIL . CAMP AT FOOT OF HERMIT TRAIL . ON THE
RIM . THE COLORADO RIVER SEEN FROM THE LOWER PLATEAU . BRIGHT
ANGEL CANYON . SCENE ON THE LOWER PLATEAU

THERE were two of us standing by the Rim at El Tovar. We were chance acquaintances of travel. I had made many trips to the Canyon; my young acquaintance was gazing upon it for the first time. My knowledge of the Canyon extended back to the pioneer days when a visit there meant a trip of ten or eleven hours with coach and horses from Flagstaff, nearly seventy miles distant. My companion had come by Pullman train to the very brink of the gorge.

I have always believed that the Canyon was best appreciated by those who, like myself, came in the devout spirit of a pilgrim, journeying through miles of forest land to gaze upon the glories of the mystic chasm. I am beginning to think, however, that there is much to say for the sensations of the present day visitor. To step out of a luxurious train, where all modern conveniences have been enjoyed and where the atmosphere and conditions have been practical and matter-of-fact, and then after a walk of a few rods, to find oneself gazing into the depths of a marvel that surpasses the most exalted dream, is an experience of its own kind and one that it is hard for words to describe. It is like being brought, when pursuing the path of prosaic daily life, suddenly to face the boundless reaches of eternity.



THE OLD WAY. HANCE'S CAMP AT GRAND VIEW—ABOUT 1897

And so I watched my young friend with curious interest and waited for him to speak. After gazing a moment he turned away from the Rim and said, "I don't believe it is there."

"I know what you mean," I answered. "Many have said the same thing. It defies the poet, the painter, and the photographer. There is something there that no one can get. The effect is one of unreality. It seems like a mirage."

"I thought I knew something about it," said my young friend. "I see now that none of the accounts that I have read fully reflect the spirit of the Canyon. Most of them simply describe the author's own feelings." He pointed across the chasm. "Now this does not appeal to me in words at all. It impresses me first of all as a Great Silence."

After a few minutes he turned to me again. "Tell me about the

Canyon," he said. "What I want is information—not some one else's emotions. I have my own feelings—and they are strong enough."

It struck me that this was probably the attitude of many of those who visit the Canyon. They want to be told *about* the Canyon, not what they are to *think* about the Canyon.

As a rule they want to know first of all, what the Canyon is.

WHAT IS THE CANYON?

It is a stupendous etching. Nature paints and etches with a masterhand. The Canyon is her



IN THE EARLY DAYS

The group from left to right: John Hance, Thomas Moran, George Inness, Jr., and G. M. McCord



THE NEW WAY. EL TOVAR (TO-VAR') HOTEL ON THE RIM AT BRIGHT ANGEL

greatest achievement in etching. As the copper surface of an etching plate is eaten into by acid, the earth's surface has here been etched by water and weather. From the car windows of the overland trains we can see the same process going on in miniature in the desert lands of New Mexico and Arizona, where a small stream has washed out a gullied course for itself fifteen or more feet deep through the red rock and soil. The wonder in the case of the Canyon is the magnitude of the work accomplished. The chasm is about two hundred and seventeen miles long, a mile deep, and varies from nine to eighteen miles in width. The explanation is simply *time*. A thousand years are but as one night in the mind of the geologist, and the story of the Grand Canyon is reckoned in many thousand years. The geologist finds the story in the layers of rock laid bare in the course of erosion. He reads it in chapters of limestone, sandstone, shale, and granite.

The Colorado River has cut its way down to the foundation rock of the earth, and its work now is harder than ever. But it is doing it constantly, through the days, weeks, months, and years—and water, we know, will wear away the hardest stone. The river, which is hidden from sight except from a few points on the Rim of the Canyon above, is a rushing torrent four hundred feet wide and from forty to fifty feet deep.

The layers of rock give the Canyon its glowing colors. Like a huge spectrum they stretch before you in long lines, varying from the gray white of the limestone through the yellow and red sandstone down to the purple black of the gneiss and granite of the river gorge. These colors



STARTING FOR BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL FROM EL TOVAR



REST HOUSE AT HEAD OF BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

vary in shade as they are affected by weather and they change in tone throughout the day as the sun progresses. The Canyon is a gigantic kaleidoscope. It is one thing early in the morning when the rising sun touches the tops of the buttes and the cavernous hollows are still enveloped in the mystery of night; another thing at noonday, when all the depths are gorged with light and the mighty formations seem to swim in a tremulous haze; and still another thing when the slanting rays of the setting sun paint the summits in vivid tints and the plateau surfaces below are clothed in soft folding raiment of fawn color and silvery sage-green.

THE RIM

A Southern gentleman, looking across the gulch of Bright Angel Trail, exclaimed, "That is certainly the most deceiving gap I have ever gazed upon. I thought I sure could throw a stone to that yellow point on the other side. They tell me that point is a mile from here." There is the same illusion all along the Rim. The atmosphere is so clear that distances are deceiving. Tossing a stone to test distance is futile. If a whole cityful of great buildings were tossed over that Rim, they would disappear in the gulf below as though they were only a few square yards of gravel and stone.

Most people know the Canyon as it is seen from the Rim. The more venturesome go down the trails, but the average visitor confines himself to trips along the Rim. There are two trips that all should take. The automobile ride of thirteen miles up to Grand View, and beyond that to Desert View, will give the most magnificent spectacle that the Canyon

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

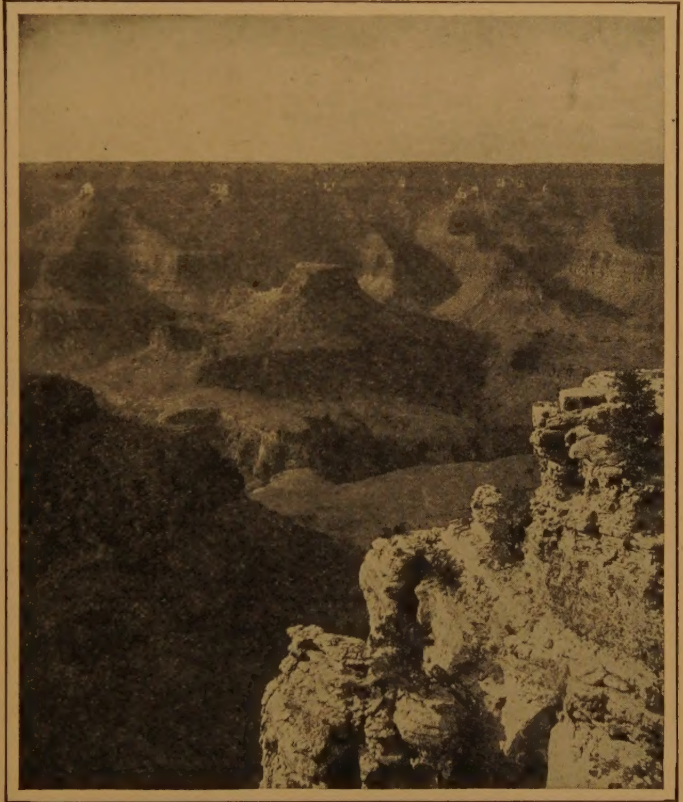
affords. The chasm at Grand View is eighteen miles wide, and at that point there is a view up the Marble Canyon extending far to the north. Still beyond that may be seen the summit of Navajo (Na'-vah-ho) Mountain, one hundred and twenty-five miles away in Utah. Near Grand View you may see the cabins and tents of Hance's Camp. It was there that John Hance, the old pioneer of the Canyon, dispensed for years simple hospitality to the travelers who journeyed over from Flagstaff.

Another and equally interesting trip is the Rim Ride, starting from El Tovar and running west seven and a half miles to Hermit's Rest, at the head of Hermit Trail.

An excellent carriage road takes you along within a few rods of the edge of the Canyon, and offers you a panorama of unparalleled splendor. At the hill on the Rim road, a short distance from El Tovar, turn and look for the snow-capped summits of San Francisco Peaks, beyond Flagstaff seventy-odd miles distant. They are magnificent in their isolation. In a group of four by themselves, they rise to a splendid height directly from the level plains, the loftiest peak twelve thousand three hundred and forty feet above the sea. When you have visited all the interesting points

on the Rim—and there are many of them, offering various advantages—you will probably decide that the finest views of the Canyon are to be found at Grand View on the east, and at Pima (Pee'-mah) Point and Artists' Point on the west. These points command the widest stretch, with glimpses of the tumbling river far below.

As you gaze at the superb formations in the Canyon, you will be impressed by the consistent architectural art that Nature has employed in rearing these mighty structures. The architectural forms have the elaborate detail and the opulence of color of the Orient. "This vast mass that rears its dome directly in front is surely a Buddhist Temple,"



VIEW DOWN BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL



THE RIM ROAD



SAN FRANCISCO PEAK

you exclaim, and you are told that it has been named the Temple of Buddha. This imposing structure to the west is the Temple of Isis, that one to the east the Temple of Zoroaster. And so the chief points have been fittingly named.

Visitors to the Canyon approach it by way of the Southern Rim. A natural object of curiosity is the opposite Rim. It appears to be as straight and level as the horizon. It is fourteen hundred feet higher than the Rim on which we stand. The table land opposite El Tovar is

called Kaibab Plateau, and is a thickly wooded country, filled with wild game. It has been a hunting ground for a number of years. In 1913 Theodore Roosevelt led a party down Bright Angel Trail, swung across the river on a cable, climbed the pass that leads up Bright Angel Canyon, and after capturing a number of mountain lions returned with the game to El Tovar by the same strenuous route. This wild country extends far north, and is not often traversed. A rough road runs down through it from Utah, and daring automobilists have been known to make their way to the North Rim of the Canyon from as far up as Salt Lake City.

THE TRAILS

It is only by making the trip down into the Canyon that an adequate comprehension of its vast proportions and its extraordinary features can

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

be obtained. All who would know the full magnificence of the Canyon should go down to its very heart.

The plateau below is a valley of a thousand delights, and every turn in the trails that take you down discloses new scenes of beauty. You are surrounded by countless forms of varied colors and majestic proportions. You are in a vast temple, the floor of which is the undulating plateau, the roof is the vaulted blue sky, and the pillars that seem to support it are the painted peaks.

There are six established trails, but

the Hermit and Bright Angel are the only trails in regular use. The Bright Angel trip is the one most commonly taken. It ex-

tends for over seven miles in corkscrew turnings from the Rim to the river. The trip down and back is usually made in one day, but this is too brief and hurried to give one a full

sense of the Canyon from below. Take two days at least. Go down Hermit Trail to Hermit Camp, and spend the night there. You will find refreshing springs and excellent accommodations at the Camp. Then get up early in the morning and enjoy one of the most rapturous scenes of all,—sunrise in the Canyon. Set off then at an early hour on the Tonto path, which winds its course along the plateau and connects all the trails. This will bring you to the Bright Angel Trail, which you may follow down to the river bed, and then retrace to the Indian Garden, whence, after a rest, you may make your way up to the Rim by the Bright Angel Trail. Some hardy travelers have tasted fuller joys by following the course of the Tonto path for several days until they reached Grand View or



GOING DOWN HERMIT TRAIL



A MOMENT'S REST



CATHEDRAL STAIRS—HERMIT TRAIL



AT THE BOTTOM LEVEL OF BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

The path leads around through a narrow gorge in the background to the river scene shown on the opposite page

Hance's Trail, and then regained the Rim by one or the other of those routes. Take long or short trips according to your strength, but of one thing be assured: a visit of a single day to the Grand Canyon avails little. The "Divine Abyss" does not whisper its secrets nor unfold its riches to the hurried excursionist.

WATER, WIND AND WEATHER

When you arrive at the Rim of the Canyon you are at an elevation of seven thousand feet above sea level. This has its effect, and those who go down the trails can feel it. The ordinary conditions of mountain climbing are strikingly reversed. Instead of climbing from a low level to a summit over seven thousand feet high, you descend from that elevation and then climb back to it. The call on natural physical forces is different from common experience, and the tax on human energy is unusual, for you breathe the higher air when you return. This is something for people to think of who live at or near sea level.

My young friend asked a question that I have heard more than once. "Clouds generally surround and envelop summits seven thousand feet high. How do they behave here?"

"Most graciously," I answered. "They frequently settle down in the Canyon and embrace the great peaks. Then we get some of the most beautiful effects of all. Imagine those stupendous colored structures out



THE COLORADO RIVER

At the foot of Bright Angel Trail the river is nearly four hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep. It flows at a speed of about sixteen miles an hour, and it is yellow and thick with sand

there seen under the changing light and shade produced by drifting clouds. In times of storm the scenic effects are superb."

In the summer of 1914 an extraordinary spectacle was seen by those who were fortunate enough to be at El Tovar. A thunderstorm came down from the northwest; another approached from the southwest—and they met in the Canyon. A magnificent conflict took place, and many people assembled at the Rim to see it. The light of the setting sun was still visible in the west, and its level rays shot shafts of light through the murky clouds. The rising moon could be seen in the east. The Canyon was a dark arena in which a terrific battle of the elements was waging. The atmosphere there was torn with lightning flashes and resonant with reverberating thunder. At the Rim the spectators stood on land that was dry and untouched by the storm. It was a scene that no witness will forget.

It is natural that clouds should settle in the Canyon; for there is a strong down current of air. Those who take the trails have felt it in the steep flumes. Watch the birds from the Rim and you will see them dip down under this current and then beat their way up against it. Smoke from the hotel and cottages floats out a short distance from the edge and then ducks sharply down. Some years ago the plan was contemplated of sending a balloon out over the Canyon in order to make photographs of



A NARROW STRETCH OF TRAIL

it from above. To make sure in advance of the effect of the air currents in the Canyon, Mr. Baldwin in 1907 took a number of box kites to the Rim and tried them out. The first kite sailed without difficulty for about a quarter of a mile over the chasm, then suddenly keeled over and shot to the bottom of the Canyon like a stone. Sixteen kites were flown with the same result in each case. It is hardly necessary to say that no balloon flight followed.

The stupendous scale of the Canyon gives it a unique place among the wonders of nature. And yet, vast as it is, its solemn splendor forbids the thought of anything sensational. It is not a place for self-exploiting feats. There have been daring achievements of course both in descending the Canyon and in braving the turbulent river, but they

have been made in the interests of human knowledge and progress. Major Powell's original venture in the river, when, with a few companions, he fought his way through the fierce rapids in 1869, and so made the interior of the Canyon known to the world, was the supreme achievement.

WHAT THE CANYON MEANS TO US

Two men, a clergyman and a rough scout, stood on the brink together. The former bared his head and exclaimed reverently, "Almighty God, how wondrous are thy works!" The scout raised his hat and said in an unsteady voice, "Good Lord! can you beat it?" And they both meant much the same thing.

The Canyon makes a varied appeal. To the scientist it is one of Nature's most stupendous achievements. To the artist it is a paradise of color, form, and perspective. To the poet it is an inspiration and a challenge,—inviting and yet baffling his powers of expression. To some of prosaic mind it is a mighty chasm—and nothing more. Yet I have seen the most matter-of-fact people gaze for a few minutes and then turn away with a shiver, showing that they were stirred mightily, but in a way they could not tell. To mine



BERRY'S HOTEL AT GRAND VIEW

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

host, of El Tovar, brought up from, boyhood on the Scandinavian Sagas, the Canyon seems to be the realm of the departed Northern Gods, and the vast chambers seem to hold the spirits of Wotan, Thor, and Balder the bright, of Fricka, Freia, and the Walkyr maidens; and in times of storm he can feel the beat of mighty conflict and can hear the Walkyr cry and the sweep of horses through the air as the wounded soldiers are borne to Walhall. There is material foundation for this picture; for Thor's hammer, a huge sledge of rock, rears itself menacingly not far from Grand View, and across the chasm are Wotan's Throne and Walhall Plateau.



THOMAS MORAN, SKETCHING

People feel the Canyon in different ways. To many it is exalting, to others oppressive. It inspires those of a simple and humble spirit. It is not a sight for those who resent being made to feel small. It seems to me that when all has been said that can be said of its scenic glories, there is some thing that still remains. It is an expansive mystic mirror in which a man may find the reflection of his own soul. If there is one spot on this earth where a man's mind instinctively turns in upon itself and he pauses to take serious thought of himself and of his relations to the world in which he lives, it is certainly at the Rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.



AMONG THE PAINTED PEAKS
Mr. Moran and Friends Resting on the Lower Plateau

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

REPORT UPON THE COLORADO RIVER OF
THE WEST *Lieut. Joseph C. Ives. (1861.)*
Executive Document No. 90, U. S. Government.

EXPLORATIONS OF THE COLORADO RIVER
OF THE WEST *Major J. W. Powell*
(1869-1872.) Issued by U. S. Printing Office.

IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON
Illustrated. *George Wharton James*

GRAND CANYON: HOW TO SEE IT
Illustrated. *George Wharton James*

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO
By J. G. Lemmon Overland Monthly, Vol. 12.
ROMANTIC AMERICA. Illustrated. *Schauffler*
THE GRAND CANYON By John Burroughs
Century Magazine, January 1911.

THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON
Fully Illustrated. *E. L. Kolb*

Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



Twenty years ago about thirty or forty visitors made their way to the Grand Canyon each year. During the past twelve months almost 100,000 have gazed over the Rim at El Tovar. The pioneer years have passed away. The seasons of private view are over. The great Chasm may now be considered as thrown open to the public. What will be the effect of this? Perhaps the people will tell us what the poets and painters, with all their powers of expression, have not been able to tell. Perhaps the people will find out what the Canyon means. The elemental in Nature may find its expression through the elemental in human nature. Fable tells us that it was the eyes of a child that saw through the magic raiment that mystified the wise men.

★ ★ ★

With this thought in mind, I devoted one day during a recent visit to the Canyon solely to gathering popular impressions. I selected a point at the Rim where most people came for their first view. There I sat and listened. The first words that I heard were a question: "Are you disappointed in it?" The answer came slowly, "No, I am not disappointed in it. I am disappointed in *myself*. I have seen many of the greatest things in Nature—Niagara, Yellowstone Canyon, Yosemite Valley, the Alps, the Pyramids. I have always been able to say what I thought of these wonders. I have always been able to describe them afterwards. I am looking now at the Grand Canyon, and I find that I have nothing to say. I don't know what I shall be able to say when I go home."

★ ★ ★

This was but one of many varied comments. Summing up the whole day, I caught three distinct impressions of the Canyon—the Suddenness of it; the Size of it; and the Silence of it.



GREAT FIREPLACE IN HERMIT'S
REST

The Suddenness of it is startling. There is no preparation whatever. You approach the Rim through a quiet pine forest. Then suddenly the Chasm yawns at your feet. Two more steps would drop you a sheer three thousand feet down. The purple glory of the Canyon stretches for miles before your astonished eyes.

The Size of it overcomes everyone. The Yellowstone Canyon, and Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, could be

placed in the Grand Canyon and they would be minor features. If Niagara were set against the further wall of the Chasm, strong glasses would be needed to find it. The great Pyramid of Cheops would look like a mere boulder on the side of one of those colossal peaks.

The Silence of it is awe inspiring. The expression that I heard most frequently during that day was, "How dreadfully silent." Why sound should be expected from those majestic chambers, I don't know. It is clear, however, that the human spirit bends under the weight of the silence. There is motion there, but no sound. Birds skim through the upper air of the Canyon; trees wave in the breeze; clouds float across the great spaces; and far down the trails parties of people crawl slowly along like ants—but all is enveloped in profound, fathomless silence.

And yet, while I heard many comments, the real thing remained unspoken. I saw people go to the Rim talking vivaciously. I saw them pause, catch their breath, and then, after gazing for a time in silence, walk quietly away. What were their thoughts and feelings, and why could they not express them? What is it that the Canyon means for which we have no words? One writer has said that when the Creator made the Canyon he made no adjectives to go with it. Perhaps the words have been created but not discovered. Perhaps in time the people will find them.

A. D. Moffat
EDITOR





The Grand Canyon



THE DISCOVERY AND HISTORY OF THE CANYON

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



ALTHOUGH the Grand Canyon of Arizona was never thoroughly explored until 1869, it has been known to the civilized world since 1540, when early Spanish explorers discovered it. Several expeditions became acquainted with the river and the great gorge, but they failed in every effort to descend the canyon wall.

Then for years the Grand Canyon was visited only by Indians, Mormon herdsmen, or trappers. In 1851, however, an expedition called the Sitgreaves expedition, going westward, struck the river about 150 miles above Yuma. Three years later Lieutenant Whipple made a survey for a practicable railroad route where the Santa Fé-Pacific Railroad was afterward constructed. A few years later military posts were established in New Mexico and Utah, and a waterway for cheap transportation of supplies was sought by the government. In 1857 the war department sent an expedition in charge of Lieutenant Ives to explore the Colorado River from its mouth as far up as it was navigable. Ives ascended the river in a specially constructed steamboat to the head of Black Canyon, where further navigation became impossible. Then he returned a little way and set off across the country toward the northeast. He reached the Grand Canyon at Diamond Creek and Cataract Creek in the spring of 1858. From there he made a wide detour southward to the San Francisco Peaks, then northeast to the Hopi pueblos, from there east to Fort Defiance, and so back to civilization.

For many hundred miles the course of the Colorado River was unknown. Even its origin was merely a matter of conjecture. In 1869, however, Major J. W. Powell undertook the exploration of the river with nine men and four boats. Everyone urged him not to attempt this journey. Even the Indians, who were best acquainted with the region, maintained that boats could not possibly live in any one of a score of rapids and falls known to them, to say nothing of the vast unknown stretches in which at any moment some mighty cataract might be disclosed. It was also believed that for hundreds of miles the river even disappeared entirely beneath the surface of the earth.

But all these things did not deter Powell. He launched his expedition from Green River City on May 24, 1869, and landed August 30 at the mouth of the Virgin River, more than 1,000 miles by river channel from the place of starting. He had lost two boats, and four men had deserted the expedition. One man left before the party had reached Arizona, and the other three, after holding out against the unknown terrors for many weeks, had finally given in to their fears. After a perilous ascent of the canyon walls and a long aimless wandering on the plateau, they finally were captured and killed by Indians, who did not believe their story, but held them responsible for a mischievous brawl that had recently occurred.

Other expeditions have descended the Colorado since Powell's courageous journey. One of the most recent was a trip taken by the Kolb brothers in 1911. They made the dangerous journey successfully in two boats, recording their adventures in moving picture films.

In 1893 the United States Government proclaimed the Grand Canyon to be a forest reserve. Since then the Secretary of Agriculture has repeatedly advocated the establishment of a national park to cover the scenic portions of the Grand Canyon area, and negotiations to that end are in progress with the Interior Department.



BRIGHT ANGEL CANYON



The Grand Canyon



PIONEERS OF THE CANYON

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course



HE canyon has a number of interesting pioneer characters. Of these perhaps John Hance is the best known. He wandered down from the north years ago, "caught the canyon fever," as it might be called, and settled there for the rest of his life. Captain Hance was for years the canyon guide, and parties that came over from Flagstaff by the stage were conducted down the trail by him. He was also a great storyteller. He used to say that he had once tried to jump his horse across the canyon. "He give a fine big jump—but when we was 'bout halfway over I seed we couldn't make it, so I turned him back."

There are many anecdotes of John Hance. The following is a characteristic one. A little girl asked him, "Mr. Hance, what made the canyon?" He looked into her face with all seriousness and said, "Why, I dug it." With the fatal directness of a questioning child, she then put a poser to him. "Well, what did you do with all the dirt?" John Hance was equal to the occasion. Pointing toward Flagstaff, he said, "Why, I dumped it over there, and made the San Francisco Peaks out of it."

Hance is now over eighty years old—to hear him talk one would think he was over a hundred. He has ceased his labors as a camp keeper and guide, and is pensioned, as he well deserves. He lives in a little cabin out near Sentinel Point, not far from El Tovar.

W. W. Bass is another interesting character. He was born at Shelbyville, Indiana, October 2, 1849. His father died at Sacramento in the gold rush to California. Bass himself worked for the elevated railroad of New York until his health broke down, and then he went West. He had many adventures there, one of which was his first visit to the Havasupai Indians. It was on this trip that he was suspected of having murdered his companion, J. W. McKinney. McKinney's return, after having been rescued by Indians from dying of thirst, proved his innocence. Shortly afterward Bass made a visit to the Grand Canyon. He spent a great deal of time and money making the canyon accessible to visitors. He practically built the Mystic Spring Trail, now known as Bass Trail.

Louis Boucher (boo-shay) was born at Meriden, Connecticut. He wandered down to the canyon as a prospector and settled on the plateau at the point called No Mans Land. He lived there all alone and built the Boucher Trail. Very close to his own camp he discovered the presence of graphite. From this he hoped to make a fortune. For years he worked hard against continual disappointment. Finally he gave up.

Boucher had a mild, lovable character. Several years ago an artist made a sketch of Boucher's camp and presented it to him. Boucher was overjoyed and valued the picture highly. About a year later Thomas Moran was sketching at the top of the canyon, when Boucher climbed up along the trail all the way from his own camp. He showed Moran this sketch, which had become slightly torn, and begged him to fix it up. In this way he got his treasured picture restored.

Ralph Henry Cameron came from Maine. He became interested in various copper and silver mines in Arizona, and improved the Bright Angel Trail. For sometime he was sheriff of Coconino County, Arizona, and later on was elected to Congress. He still lives in Arizona.

Peter Berry is one of the oldtimers. He built and owned the Grand View Hotel, and was the guide for travelers down the Grand View Trail. He is a collector of canyon curiosities; but at the same time he is a hard-headed, practical man. He never wasted his time leaping horses across the canyon or telling stories, but worked early and late to gain a living. Today he lives quietly in his cabin at Grand View.

CAMP AT FOOT OF HERMIT TRAIL



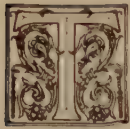


The Grand Canyon



THE CANYON IN ART

Monograph Number Three In The Mentor Reading Course



HERE is no richer subject for the artist, especially if he is a colorist, than the Grand Canyon. It is only natural, therefore, that artists should have been among the first to go there. And the artists that first saw the glories of the canyon brought home such glowing reports that other artists soon followed.

The pioneer figure in the art history of the canyon is Thomas Moran. He lost no time in going there. His first visit was in 1873, only four years after the Powell expedition had made known the wonders of the canyon. His fame as a landscape painter was worldwide at that time. He had spent years in the Great West. He added the canyon to his vast field of art and made it peculiarly his own subject. He has done more to make it known to the world at large than anyone else. He has painted many pictures of the canyon, and they are distributed among museums and private collections in such a way that they have become familiar to art lovers everywhere.

A number of years ago, when Mr. Moran was in England, he visited John Ruskin and showed him some sketches that he had made in the Great West. Ruskin scrutinized them with an interest that amounted to awe. "What a horrible place to live in!" he exclaimed. "We don't live there," answered Moran. "We keep places like that for scenic purposes only."

Mr. Moran has visited the canyon so often that a number of spots have become identified with his name. Morans Point is a jutting flat rock up near Grand View, from which he frequently sketched. Artists View on the Rim Road came to be known through him, and in the large hall of El Tovar Hotel there is a cozy spot known as "Morans Corner," where he was accustomed to spend his evenings with friends.

Other artists followed Moran, and on several occasions parties of them visited the canyon together. Mr. Moran was usually with them, the recognized dean of the assembly. In 1901 Mr. Moran, George Inness, Jr., and George H. McCord spent a season there sketching and painting. After that individual artists visited the canyon every year. W. R. Leigh, L. M. Aitken, and Twachtman are notable examples. In 1910 there was a genuine art pilgrimage to the canyon, under the leadership of Moran and G. H. Buek. Besides these the party included De Witt Marshall, Edward H. Potthast, Frederick Ballard Williams, and Elliot H. Daingerfield, all celebrated landscape painters. The results of that visit took form in a number of distinguished paintings showing the canyon from the varying points of view of five different artists.

Artists may be seen now at the canyon at almost any time of year. A seated figure with easel or sketchbook is a common sight along the Rim. Some of them are there to paint, others simply to take a lesson in color from nature. Painting the Grand Canyon is a big undertaking, and it is only a big painter that can go through with it successfully.





The Grand Canyon



THE RIM AND TABLE LANDS

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course



IMAGINE riding for miles along the top of a wall which drops straight down 2,000 feet, with just below that another drop of 1,500 feet. That is the ride along the Rim of the Grand Canyon. It is a unique scenic roadway. It is called the Hermit Rim Road, and was built by the Santa Fé Railroad from El Tovar westward to the head of Hermit Basin, a distance of seven and one-half miles.

Hermit Rim Road is like a city boulevard in the wilderness. It is wide, smooth, and dustless. The first part is two miles long, and consists of the old cinder road from Hopi Point that has been rebuilt. The new section is nearly six miles long, and is an example of the most skilful engineering work.

The road follows the Rim closely. No other roadway in the world is like it in situation. It is an ideal way of seeing the gigantic panorama of the Grand Canyon. It is as safe and easy as riding along a broad, well kept city avenue. As the advance is made new beauties unfold themselves to view.

A start is made from El Tovar Hotel, and the road ascends El Tovar Hill, where there is a fine sweeping view across Tusayan forest to the San Francisco Peaks and neighboring mountains. Then, still among the pines and cedars, the road passes by Maricopa Point to Hopi Point, long known for its unrivaled sunset view.

From Hopi Point the roadway follows the Rim very closely. A little farther along is Mohave Point, and on rounding this the next leg of the journey is three and four-fifths miles to Pima Point, the greatest curve of the trip. Below and between these two points may be seen the Inferno. Under Mohave Point, on the plateau 3,800 feet below, is a huge rock form called the Alligator.

At Pima Point the road turns southward over the final one and a fifth miles. At Vista del Rio an unusual view of the Colorado River may be seen. Finally the road ends at the head of Hermit Trail.

Here Hermit Trail begins, and at its head is a rest house wholly unlike any other in the world. From the road all that can be seen is a wood knoll with a cairn of rock for a chimney in the center. On a lower level on the hillside is the dwelling cut into solid rock. At the back of the rear half of this quaint house is a huge fireplace with antique andirons, a rusty bear trap, and tanned skins of wild animals. The porch outside, built of rough pine logs, pushes out beyond the edge of the abyss and gives an unobstructed view of Hermit Gorge.

The Southern Rim is well known and familiar to visitors. The Northern Rim has many irregular plateaus that are wild and seldom visited. The Kaibab Plateau, straight across from El Tovar, is covered with woods, and is the home of wild animals, especially deer, bear, and mountain lion. To the west of that is the Shinumo Plateau, in which Shinumo Canyon is cut. Here Shinumo ruins have been found, the remains of a prehistoric people. The next plateau to the west of that is called Kanab Plateau. This is covered with ruins, and on its northern border the Mormon town of Kanab is situated.

Upon the plateaus and down the sides of the gorges at various spots in the Grand Canyon are to be found evidences of cliff dwellers, cave dwellers, and other races that lived long before history began its records.





The Grand Canyon



THE TRAILS

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course



EVERYBODY is told to go down the trails. Some people tramp down and back; but that is hard work. The majority ride down on horses, mules or burros. Riding a mule down the trails is very like "riding the goat" in secret fraternities. It is a distinct ordeal, and one full of emotions. And, as in the case of "riding the goat," everyone who has jounced down the trail on muleback is eager to have his friends go through the same experience. Those who know how to ride an animal find the trip no ordeal whatever, but all pure joy. Other people take it in various ways.

There are a number of trails,—Bass Trail, which descends from Bass Camp twenty-eight miles west from El Tovar, Boucher Trail, the Hermit Trail, Bright Angel Trail, Grand View and Hances Trails.

The Bass and Boucher Trails are seldom used. Hances Trail was for years the accepted route for visitors, and was used by those who came to the canyon by way of the road from Flagstaff.

Grand View Trail was made by prospectors eighteen years ago, and for awhile was used regularly by miners, who found copper in the plateau below. The miners' wooden sheds may still be seen at the head of Grand View Trail, and the huts in which they lived are down on the plateau, near the mines where they worked. There has been no activity there, however, for several years, and Grand View Trail is not now in condition for any but the most experienced mountaineers.

The Bright Angel is an old trail. It is said that its name originated in a Spanish exclamation. Sometime in the sixteenth century a Spanish exploring party searching for water came suddenly to the Rim at El Tovar and saw a bright, sparkling stream in the canyon opposite. So far away and so inaccessible it was, it seemed "like a bright angel!" to them. The Bright Angel Trail was first traced out by wild animals seeking the lower levels for water. Then the Indians followed them, and, finding a fertile spot well supplied with springs in the bed of the plateau, they settled in the hollow now known as the Indian Garden, and planted there the willow trees from which they wove their basketware. Mining prospectors went down Bright Angel Trail thirty years ago in search of copper and platinum, and then sixteen years ago Cameron improved the trail and built a camp of huts and tents at the Indian Garden for the convenience of travelers. Accommodation overnight is no longer necessary there, because of the hotel and cottages on the Rim at El Tovar above; but the Indian Garden is used as a noonday shelter and rest place for those who go down the trail to the river and back.

The Hermit is an excellent trail. It has been made wide and is well protected. For the pioneers it seems too easy. Sturdy old John Hance has been quoted as saying, "The Hermit ain't no trail: it's a booleevard." It is, however, enough of an undertaking for the average traveler. As it is today, the Hermit and the Bright Angel are the two trails that are in daily use, and no one can say he has enjoyed the full splendor of the canyon who has not followed them down and back.

THE COLORADO RIVER, SEEN FROM LOWER PLATEAU





The Grand Canyon



THE COLORADO RIVER

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



THE Colorado is one of the great rivers of North America. It is formed in southern Utah by the merging of the Green and Grand Rivers. It cuts the northwest corner of Arizona and, becoming the eastern boundary of Nevada and California, flows southward until it reaches tidewater in the Gulf of California, Mexico. It is 2,000 miles long, and drains a territory of 300,000 square miles. Most of its course lies far from the haunts of civilization in the heart of a vast region fenced on one hand by burning, dry plains or deep, impenetrable forests and on the other by mighty mountains.

The gorge of the Colorado River seems from above to be hung with black, and its waters appear to creep slowly and silently save where here and there they surge and rattle amid the savage rocks. The waters of the river when they give voice seem to sing dirges. In places the river is calm and tranquil; but just a little farther on, where rocks rise in an effort to impede its progress, it roars with anger, and sweeps along in a muddy, yellow torrent, broken by tossing foam and spray.

When one stands beside the river at the bottom of this gulch and sees it shoot swiftly by to disappear mysteriously between somber gates of granite, he realizes what a heroic exploit the first navigation of this river was. When Major Powell and his party sailed into these unknown waters they knew that there was every chance that they would never return alive. Another danger that threatened the brave little band was the fact that after a heavy rain the Colorado often rises fifty or sixty feet and becomes a torrent as fierce as the rapids of Niagara.

It is no wonder that the Colorado River has always been regarded with superstitious awe. It represents in diminished form the element that has produced the miracle of the Grand Canyon,—water. Ages and ages ago, at the very beginning of the story of the world, the Colorado was the outlet of an inland sea which drained off toward the Pacific as the country of northwestern Arizona rose. The Grand Canyon illustrates on a huge scale the system of erosion which has deeply furrowed the entire region. It was not formed by a sudden mighty effort of Nature: it was all done slowly by water assisted by the action of wind and storm.

It is impressive to think of what an appalling length of time it must have taken to cut down and remove these layers of sandstone, marble, and granite thousands of feet in thickness. It is triumphal evidence of Nature's patient but insistent methods. With such methods thousands of years must be reckoned mere minutes of time.